Gotham's Red Men.

New York Has an Indian Colony of Famous Antecedents.

Thundercloud, the "Big Chief," a Typical Specimen of Cooper's Ideal Savage.

Poses for Artists and Then Turns His Hand to Whatever Suits His Fancy.

THE SQUAWS ARE NOT BEAUTIES.

Neither in Voice Nor Appearance Do They Call to Mind the Memories of Pocahontas.

New York has a genuine Indian colony. There are but seven families comprising it, to be sure, but they constitute a remnant of a confederation which in early days held New York City in its power-the Six Na

Notwithstanding the fact that the colony is small, and that it centres in Thompson street, it still boasts the historic head chief, whise tribal appellation is "Thundercloud." It matters little that he lives in the second story, back, of a dingy tenement; he has the name, the blood and pride of race.

Nearly all the New York Indians are half-

Thundercloud, however, who is a pessimist on blood, maintains that Donegahawa was, but in that he is mistaken. The Indian was written in every line of his strong face. He was a Seneca of the Bear tribe. Thundercloud is Sioux and Iroquois on the maternal side, which is the property line among the Indians. His father was a French Canadian named Planut. His face unites the dominant characteristics of these two strong stocks. Thundereloud is a handsome man, and he knows it. He loves to be taken in profile, with his long raven hair thrown forward over the ulders and woven in and out with flash-

The picture of him shows him as he pose for artists and illustrators. That is hi business, and he works at it with an enthr

a Indian name is as unlike her cossible. It is soft and insinus-sweetly like Odiga, with the so. If it means anything to sometimes make her sad, for on is "Pretty Flower." Katgoes back occasionally from to her Canadian fields, where but Odiga is in Broome street there are no flowers in the

THESE ARE NEW YORK INDIANS.



A Family Gathering of Aborigines in Their East Side Tenement House Home.



Thunder cloud Puts on His War Paint Sometimes, Even in New York. (Drawn from a photograph by a Journal staff artist.)

Portunes Under Water.

Have Been Accumulating for Years and from Many Sources.

we have the ward.

one real family in the Indian colony to of Tallkeno, the "Mountain Eagle," oquois of the Bear Tribe, whose tent theed on the second floor rear of No. 6 in street, one of the old red brick s, with half circular front, that stands mong the hustling surroundings of the sale grocery district. This one holds y one-half of the whole aboriginal settent, for there are no less than three lies in it, but one of them has a white another a head without much else, "Mountain Eagle" is the only unmixed, at least, in this generation, while the whole of it is there in the picture, Eagle himself, Mrs. Eagle, "Big Thung" the young "buck," and Cecli, gooding and just a bit saucy, as young girls her age are inclined to be. They are cal Indians also in this, that the saw and the old men work, while the gap buck makes music. However, "Big ander" is not an idler. He rides a pony hows ocasionally, and knows how to it an arrow. In Summer the family, an ot travelling with a show, go pedig their bead work about the country, we made one of the very attractive exists in the Iroquois Village at the rides Fair.

They Can Tel the Nature of the Traffic per at a Pier by Examining the Bed of the River.

There is an immense fortune in coln and other valuables lying on the earth within a short distance of New York's most crowded thoroughfares. It lies quite unprotected by any safe deposit vault or watchman of any kind. This treasure is the accumulation of many years and has been the aggregate contribution of thousands of people, both rich and poor, as well as by every shipping or transportation company in the harbor. These valuables lies is escattered thickly about the bottom of the rivers which sourround New York, and beneath the vaters of the bay. It is not generally realized that enough objects of more or less value are dropped into the waters about the city to fill the streets in the course of the rear to a sufficient exout the history of the colony waters about the city to fill the streets in Coming here in the way of the course of the year to a sufficient exne ld tent to render them impassable; but Colone Waring is not responsible for cleaning the traordinary collection goes on accumulating

the year after year. The large contributions to this deep-sen knows no collection are, of course, made by the ves-oud's. Ev. sale which are wrecked and carried down sels which are wrecked and carried down bodlly with their entire cargo. The wreckers about New York estimate the original

A Mysterious Little Woman Who Haunts the City Hall Corridors.

Owns Eden.

The "Lady of the Leaves" Charges Mayor Strong with the Theft of a Vast Property.

KNOWS ALL ABOUT ADAM AND EVE.

Describes the Costumes of Humanity's Ancestors in Detail-Her " Estate" Located in the Heart of Brooklyn.

A mysterious little woman who is known o the attendants at the City Hall as the "Lady of the Leaves" has been paying almost daily visits during a year or more past to the Mayor's office. Her main object in life, she is very willing to explain to every one, is to settle a very curious finandal grievance she believes she has against Mayor Strong. This quiet little lady is at once the most persistent and harmless of all the horde of cranks who baunt the Mayor's office. The title of the "Lady of the Leaves" has been suggested by the na rightful owner of an immense estate in the heart of Brooklyn, out of which His Honor Mayor Strong has defrauded her. Her claim, she says, dates back to the days of the Garden of Eden, and is, therefore, quite well established.

She never appears at the Mayor's office without carrying a curious old-fashioned eticule, well filled with musty documents She will draw these out and explain them

A Trolley Road May Cut Grover Cleveland's Birthplace in Two. The dotted line shows where the centre of the track would com



The Lady of the Leaves. (Sketched from life by a Journal staff artist.)

Cleveland's Birthplace 1s in Danger.

molish It.

The Proposed Road Would Run Directly Over the Site of the Residence.

CHURCH PEOPLE UP IN ARMS. Pean gove

For Some Time the Residence Has Served as the Presbyterian Parsonage. The Fight Grows More Bitter Daily.

For the past two years the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church at Caldwell, N. J., have been fighting the North Jersey her Traction Company, who are trying to get a franchise for a trolley road through the town which, if granted, would necessitate the destruction of the birthplace of the President of the United States, Grover Cleveland. Other residents of Caldwell want the trolley, but as the trustees hold ividently for the principal thorage of the gray-haired, very eminent and ividently for the principal thorage of the gray-haired, very eminent and ividently for the profession of the principal thorage. the right to a part of the principal thorionghfare and do not wish the road on account of the destruction of this memorable g spot, matters in that usually quiet little borough are at present somewhat mixed. was born is the parsonage of the First Presbyterian Church, over which his father presided at the time of Grover's birth.

\$100,000 for One Fee.

A Class of Attorneys Who Receive Fortunes for Their Services.

The Richest Profession in the World Is That of International Law.

Americans Are Regarded by Foreign Governments as Leaders in This Particular Legal Line.

TOO FEW TO HANDLE THE CASES.

Enormous Fees Go Begging for Lack of Men of Sufficient Note and Learning to Handle the Affairs.

The newest and richest of all profe sions is international law, and the gre est International lawyers to-day Americans. A fee of less than \$1 is never offered. That is because client and attorney would suffer a dignity were it otherwise—the clic cause it is a nation; the attorney b he must be a man of world-wide fa-It is a wonderful sphere. Only w few years has international law besexclusive profession. It is inspirit think that the science was perfected, by an American. Henry Wharton was the man. He spent years in our diplomatic service and then wrote a book upon international law which has remained an authority ever since has been translated into every European and two Asiatic languages, and is appealed to as final. But Mr. Wharton was not an international lawyer in the sense given to the term within the past few years. The international lawyer with the larg-

est practice is John W. Foster. It is not necessary to say who he is. But as he powerful corps. His clients to-day Spaln, China, Holland, England and Pg gal. It will be recalled that Mr. Fo had a "case" lately from the Chinese

For the past two years the trustees of brings them under the no